

Special Prices Monday to Wednesday, April 10 to 12.



\$4.89

for \$5.98 dinner sets of 100 pieces.



20c

for 20c coffee mills, with regulator.



40c

for 50c Japanese boxes.



59c

for 75c enameled steel double boiler.



5c

for 10c patent egg beater.



8c

for 10c electro-silicon.



55c

for 75c step ladders, 6 ft.



84c

for \$1 water cooler, 2-gallon.



59c

for large 75c clothes hamper.



15c

for best 20c paint brushes.



7c

for 10c chopping or mincing knife.



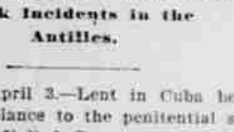
59c

for best 75c floor brushes.



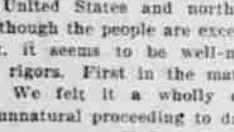
69c

for 85c two-burner oil stove.



89c

for \$1 two-burner gas stove.



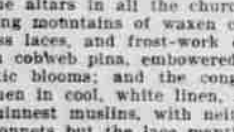
3c

for best 5c hammers.



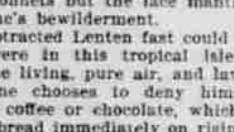
\$1.48

for \$2 garden outfit.



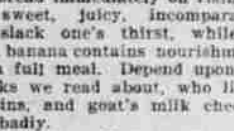
7c

for strong 10c lemon squeezer.



7c

for 10c can best paint.



29c

for 35c incandescent lamps, complete.

Matting.

9 yard, or \$2.50 for 40-foot roll of heavy China Matting, quality usually retailed at 12c yard.

12 yard, or \$4.50 for 40-foot roll of usual 18c jointless Matting, and 2c yard, or \$10.50 roll, for 35c jointless Matting.

25c yard, or \$9 for 40-foot roll Japanese Cotton Warp Matting, with inserted figures; 2c yard, or \$10.50 roll, for Japanese Matting in carpet designs.

49c each for 68c Bingo China Matting Rugs, 36x72 inches; 89c, instead of \$1, for Mikado Rugs, and \$1.48 instead of \$1.75 for the Sango Matting Rugs, in carpet designs.

4c instead of 5c yard for laying matting; only expert men employed, whose work is an assurance of neat appearance and unusual durability.

Beds, etc.

\$6.98 for the installment house \$10 worth; \$6.98 here for any size brass-trimmed white enamel bed; wooden springs, with iron supports, and patent reversible mattress. Complete for \$6.98.

\$4.98 for the usual \$6.50 to \$7.50 beds, of iron, white enamel, and double size, of iron, white enamel, and brass rod top and bottom.

\$1.39 for \$1.50 woven wire springs, to fit any size bed; \$5.98 for the installment house \$7.50 hair mattress; \$1.69 instead of \$2 pair for feather pillows weighing six pounds.

43c for the 50c hemstitched sheets, 120 inches, 3c for 12c pillow cases, 4x26 inches.

85c for \$1 crocheted bed spreads, hemmed, ready for use. These are full size and full weight, in "one" effects, making them look worth more than \$1.

Table Linens, etc.

45c yard is tomorrow's special price for the 50c silver bleach table damask. Every thread is pure linen and it is 72 inches wide. Tens of thousands of yards sold here these last five years.

\$1.19 for the napkins to match the table linen. They are 22 inches; hemmed; endorsed by hotel proprietors and heads of thousands of families.

12c for better than the usual 12-1/2c towels. Heavier, larger, every way better. Not the poorly wearing fringed towel, but the honest hemmed huck towel, 20x40 inches.

19c tomorrow for best of 25c towels, of heavy weight, pure flax, measuring 25x40 inches, "special" here for many years, they must be known in nearly every home.

Refrigerators, etc.

\$1.98 for the ice-making and food-preserving "Jewett." Already marked at less price than prevailing in New York and Philadelphia. The special quotations for tomorrow and until Wednesday are fully 25 per cent less than elsewhere.

\$3.75 for the \$4.50 family size ice vanishing lined and charcoal packed; a good, cheap ice chest.

\$1.98 for the "Nursery" refrigerator and water cooler combined. It is an ideal little thing, and not so little. Ask for the "Nursery."

10 per cent discount on the porcelain lined water coolers, marked at varying prices, from \$2 to \$5, according to size.

82c for the 85c Japanese water cooler, holding 2 gallons; galvanized, japanned outside, with nickel faucet, etc.

Trunks, etc.

\$1.49 for \$1.75 trunks, covered with water-proof canvas; strengthened with hardwood slats, iron bands, brass lock, and safety catches; inside tray and hat box.

\$2.75 for \$3.10 canvas-covered trunks, with excelsior No. 4, 10-inch strap, hinges, inside tray and hat box; trunks made in imitation of the best and looking much like them.

50c for 75c packing trunks, bound with ash stays and secured by two good locks; 50c for 28-inch size; larger size proportionately little-priced.

\$1.00 for the \$1.25 patent indestructible extension suit cases, looking like leather, but really made of paper mache; water-proof and positively indestructible.

\$1.25 for the \$1.50 solid leather club bags, 12-inch size; lined and nickel-trimmed; proportionate reduction in prices for smaller and larger sizes.



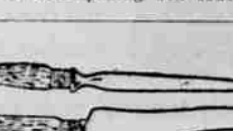
19c

for 25c sofa cushions.



\$6.98

for \$7.98 self-opening box couch.



\$1.39

for \$1.69 carving set, 3 pieces.



\$1.50

for \$2 set, 3 pieces.



4c

for 25c strong line.



0c

Free lessons in art needlework.

The Palais Royal. A. LISNER. G and Eleventh Sts.

EASTER IN CUBA A SUMMER FEAST

The Wicked Flea as a Bread Component.

Havana's Splendid Fish Market: the Solace of Lenten Ascetics.

A Bright and Chatty Letter on Holy Week Incidents in the Antilles.

Havana, April 3.—Lent in Cuba bears little resemblance to the penitential season in the United States and northern Europe, and though the people are exceedingly devout, it seems to be well-nigh devoid of its rigors. First in the matter of weather. We felt it a wholly disjointed and unnatural proceeding to drive to midnight mass on Christmas Eve through air as balmy as New England June, flower-scented, and murmurous with a gentle sea breeze, playing amid the feathery foliage of the palms. And how much more unreal at Easter, with the thermometer skyrocketing toward the nineties! The altars in all the churches were glittering with waxen candles, priceless laces, and frost-work embroideries on cobweb pins, embowered in strange exotic blooms; and the congregations of men in cool, white linen, and women in thinnest muslins, with neither wraps nor bonnets but the lace mantilla, completed one's bewilderment.

Even a protracted Lenten fast could not be very severe in this tropical Isle of always simple living, pure air, and lavish fruits. If one chooses to deny himself the morning coffee or chocolate, which is served with bread immediately on rising—there are sweet, juicy, incomparable oranges to slake one's thirst, while a golden Cuban banana contains nourishment enough for a full meal. And, indeed, the old monks we read about, who lived on figs, raisins, and goat's milk cheese, did not fare badly.

In this country it would be no deprivation to go without butter, or the imported compound that passes under that honored name, for wagon grease and soap fat is savory in comparison. If one is heroically bent upon a veritable mortification of sense and spirit to atone for some grievous sin, he might perhaps shut his eyes to the small black dots that are sprinkled through the excellent roll allowed with his morning coffee, and let them go the natural way with the bread, instead of disgustedly plucking them out with their enveloping crumbs and hiding them under his plate rim. That would indeed be a penance of antique robustness, worthy of Spain inquisition days—for every black dot is a flea, as recognizable in its minute anatomy and articulation as flies in amber.

The Cuban Flea. It is an open question whether the sweet, light, well-baked bread which is so creditable to Havana bakers could possibly be made entirely without the wicked flea which no Cuban purveyor, since in the distant private housekeeping of the island and the pestiferous insects make life a burden, swarming the beds, the wardrobes, the canestates and couches, even the seams of the marble floors. Every carriage, car, or other public vehicle is literally alive with them; and one invariably returns from a promenade with polka-dotted hose and under garments. It is taken so much for granted of course—that pest of fleas that nobody bothers when

the person to whom he is talking suddenly retires for a private hunt, or smiles to see the priest in the pulpit reach down to scratch a leg in the midst of prayer or exhortation.

As for abstinence days in Cuba, the most carnivorous of mortals could have nothing to complain of where the encircling seas are swarming with an infinite variety of the very best fish in the world. Havana's superb fish market—built by the half pirate, half smuggler, and whole scoundrel, Marti—is worth to the bon vivant, the naturalist, and the artist, taking a long voyage merely to look at. But on Palm Sunday women, at least, may realize that Lent is a penitential season. Think of being compelled to kneel on a hard stone floor, three hours at a stretch!

The stocks, the pillory, and the iron virgin were as nothing to this pious torture. While some seats are owned by the footman, or small black page in gorgeous livery, to carry a "prayer carpet" and spread it wherever he can find room on the church floor; and then, when the soft hues of his mistress are crooked upon it, to drop on one corner behind her for his own devotions. The men of the congregation stand throughout the services, leaning against the wall in solid phalanx, taking things easy after the manner of the lazy sex, expecting to get into heaven on the merits of their daughters, wives, and mothers.

The women, however, instead of rising to the feet at intervals, as in other countries, keep right on kneeling, from start to finish, regardless of bodily torture, relieved only by the performance of the most elaborate genuflections, and the feeling of endurance no more by settling back upon their heels in a demoralized heap, and feeling a good deal more like Cinderella in the ashes than a devout church communicant.

Palm Sunday. The Palm Sunday gospel, when read, is very long indeed, and thrice longer when chanted. To kneel continuously throughout the performance, without the slightest external support, is to the novice, an experience which for painfulness thrives far in the shade of a walking tour to Mecca with things dried of after in the tightest of locks, used in colder countries, whose leaves scatter themselves broadcast before one can get the blessed branches home, veritable palm leaves are, of course, distributed here, such as marked the Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem. The Cuban ladies, though in convents, are wonderfully ingenious in plaiting the flexible palm leaves. Besides the long branches blessed by the priest and brought from the church, which all the rest of the year remain twisted in the shape of a cross, the ladies make little baskets, crosses, necklaces, bracelets, and other pretty trifles of palm, have them blessed by some accommodating priest, and distribute them among one's friends.

On Maundy Thursday morning the whole city goes into mourning and silence. Flags are furled, hands cease to play, not a bell rings, not a carriage is permitted to traverse a street within the city walls.

On Good Friday only business or work, public or private, of the most imperative need is done, and in the houses of the devout it is as if the dearest member of the family were lying dead. Ladies wear somber black, discarding all ornaments. But one meal is served in the twenty-four hours, and that at midday, of bread, rice, and bacalao. The latter is codfish, but so seasoned with oil and saffron, tomatoes and peppers that a Nantucketer would fail to recognize his own. At twilight images of the dead Christ, of his sorrowing mother, of St. John and Mary Magdalene, together with the instruments of his passion, are borne through the streets, at the head of a vast following of clergy, religious orders, confraternities, charitable associations, and the general public. During the last decade these time-honored customs have been somewhat on the wane in the more cosmopolitan capital, and in this year of American occupation were comparatively omitted, but are still in full force in other parts of the island.

Then comes Holy Saturday, the blessed pause and lull of emotion that prevails in all Christian countries. Protestants, Catholics, the loosening of the strain of weeks, the resting from the gloom of the latest days in the sure knowledge that a glad time is ahead, the great day of the Lord hath made, is only a few hours away.

At sunrise on Easter morning comes another triumphal procession. The risen Christ, borne from the cathedral toward the old church of Santa Catalina, and is met on the way by a procession from the latter, bearing St. Mary Magdalene seeking her Master. At the moment of meeting the two processions, the organ, the boom, drums beat, trumpets blare, the hushed church bells clang again, flags are flung out from the harbor forts, towers and house-tops, and the city is a sea of light and color. The old building, the hushed church bells clang again, flags are flung out from the harbor forts, towers and house-tops, and the city is a sea of light and color.

High mass in any of Havana's twenty churches is a thing to be long remembered, and a military mass in the cathedral is startlingly impressive. The old building, the hushed church bells clang again, flags are flung out from the harbor forts, towers and house-tops, and the city is a sea of light and color.

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A DRUG THAT RIVALS OPIUM AND HASHEESH

Cactus Concoctions That Give Visions of Rainbows.

Mixtures Held in Honor by Mexican Indians.

Delights the Sense of Smell and Produces Visions of Beauty.

The use of opium and hashish to stimulate the imagination is not considered a highly moral practice. These drugs should be indulged in, if at all, only under carefully prescribed conditions. But another drug which has come into notice within the last few years, while producing equally delightful visions, seems to be free from some of the objections that may be offered to the first two mentioned. In the judgment of those who have tried it, the new intoxicant is more strictly intellectual in its appeal to the senses. Moreover, its immediate after-effects are not so pernicious as those of better-known drugs.

The name "mescal" is associated in the popular mind (and in the dictionaries) with a distilled beverage obtained from the agave, whose fermented juice makes another notable drink, Mexico's favorite pulque.

But the same word has also been used to designate an entirely different preparation, derived from a certain species of cactus, whose brown and bitter leaves are pressed into a solid button. For many years the Kiowa Indians of this country have been in the habit of paying peculiar homage to five or six related varieties of cactus, no doubt because of their discovery of this property possessed by one of them.

On Saturday nights they are accustomed to combine in one performance the features of a semi-religious ceremony and a mild debauch. A number of them having seated themselves on the ground around a campfire and within a large tent, they swallow three or four mescal buttons apiece, and then solemnly await results. Their reveries are attended with singing and the beating of drums by assistants. The Kiowas begin this strange rite with prayer, and at intervals through the night they swallow more buttons, until each man has taken about a dozen. A tribe of Mexican Indians who adopt a similar reverence to the mescal-producing plant use an extract from it at great festivals, and assist the celebration with a rasping of sticks and a picturesque dance in which both men and women indulge.

Lewin, a Berlin scientist, discovered in 1883 this cactus, to which he gave the name "Anhalonium lewinii," contained a poison that might be classed with strychnine, but he did not learn anything of its vision-reviving powers. James Mooney, a representative of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, was apparently the first white man to bring the subject to the attention of civilized folk. His studies of the habits of the Kiowas had made him familiar with the drug and he had tried it himself while among the Indians of that tribe. In 1891 he brought a quantity of mescal to Washington, and some experiments were made with it there.

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